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INVISIBLE BUT COSTLY.

IF SENATOR BROWN and his committee are eager to show the City of New York how wretchedly it has bungled its court house project, let them go ahead.

Whatever evidence they accumulate on the subject they will never make it appear an argument for putting this city and its taxpayers at the mercy of up-State legislators who vote for any extravagance the major cost of which can be collected from Greater New York. Two wrongs cannot make a right. The Brown committee cannot transform injustice into necessity.

As for the court house muddle, the city for its own good wants the truth about it. There is no court house in sight. Yet it is costing taxpayers $2,100 a day to carry the project in its present suspended state. The engineers made a shocking blunder in originally planning the foundations of the structure where they would interfere with the subway loop between Manhattan and Brooklyn Bridges. Additional land was acquired by methods of doubtful constitutionality. The city seems likely, as a consequence, to find itself in a tangle of litigation.

The ten million dollar court house is still a guess. The thirteen million dollar site, on the other hand, is a very costly and burdensome reality.

All this because taxpayers' money is inexhaustible. Few public officials think it worth saving when it comes to real estate and building operations which any private corporation would put through with economy and despatch.

If a legislative committee can help strike bottom in the court house bog, why bother too much about motives? That the city is badly served at home can never be a reason why it should be looted from Albany.

When the Ford peace ship returns it might be chartered to take Gov. Whitman's Presidential boom up Salt River.

OVERLOADED THROUGHOUT?

A CORONER'S JURY this week reported special findings based on the death of Ellen Grady, who was asphyxiated in the subway fire at Broadway and Fifty-third Street Jan. 6, of the present year.

The findings "censure the Public Service Commission of this District for neglect to supervise drilling in the subway east of Times Square, where there are cables."

"We censure the Interborough Rapid Transit Company," the report continues, "for allowing its employees to throw in switches and circuit breakers which allowed the melting of a ton and a half of metal before they realized that they were endangering the lives of the public."

It is now nearly a year since this subway fire which came near causing the death of scores of persons by suffocation.

In the meantime the Public Service Commission has been subjected to an overhauling that is going to make a new body of it.

What has the Interborough done? Short circuits and blowouts of increasing frequency have demonstrated that when traffic doubles and old wires are loaded with a strength of current they were never meant to bear, most anything can happen. The more the Interborough crowds its trains the more it crowds its wires and takes chances with its insulation.

Is the Interborough meeting heavier traffic with corresponding renewal of its cables? Or is everything in the subway overloaded?

The protest of the United States Government against the taking of peaceful persons from American vessels has been sent to Paris. It should suffice.

ALWAYS NEW.

WE HAVE discovered the most inveterate novelty in the world. It is snow. Nobody expects it. Nobody knows what to do about it till they see it.

Some fell night before last. Two of the biggest railroad systems in this part of the country, the New York, New Haven and Hartford and the New York Central, were surprised to a standstill. Unpreparedness was almost perfect. The Twentieth Century Limited got lost. It took one train fourteen hours to reach here from Boston. Commuters spent half the night in the cars.

Never thinking of snow, thousands of laborers in this city during recent months retired or went to Europe, leaving Commissioner Hotherston to face the unexpected. When it happened he got together as many men as he could who had seen snow before, and in six or eight days hopes to have the streets clear of it. It was deep snow, heavy, dense, altogether amazing.

Some fell last winter, too—astonishing many.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

"THERE are many methods of getting the maximum of effort from inside employees," said the sales manager of a wholesale house. "The piecework basis of payment, for example. But the outside salesman presents a different problem. Selling is hard, laborious work, very exhausting to one's vitality and nervous energy. Consequently many outside salesmen are inclined to soldier occasionally—call it a day at about 3 P. M. and take in a movie.

"Feeling that my staff of fifteen men required gingering up, I offered a $50 watch, suitably inscribed, for the greatest increase in sales during the next sixty days; the second prize was a handsome fob; the third, a cravat pin.

"A chart was affixed to the wall and each man's percentage of increase entered each day.

"The response was surprising. Sales began to increase from an average of $2,000 a day to $200 or $300 in excess of that. By the end of three weeks we were averaging $2,500 a day. This meant that each man's sales had increased about $30 daily. My conclusion was that they were calling upon, perhaps, a dozen additional customers. In other words, less time was spent in yarning over the counter, and the men were working right up to 5 o'clock instead of knocking off at 3.30.

"Another contest, this time for a week's vacation at full pay, inaugurated a couple of months later, resulted in very satisfactory returns.

"Now I make it a practice to hold two or three contests every year, varying the rewards. The effect is good on the men and it's particularly good on our sales ledger."

Cleaning His Neighbor's Sidewalk

By J. H. Cassel

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Lucile, the Waitress

By Bide Dudley.

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"I RUN across a reformer to-day," said Lucile, the waitress, as the newspaper man took a seat at the counter in the little restaurant on Broadway.

"Did he try to reform you?" he asked.

"Now, hesitate, kid! You know there isn't nothing about me to reform. If reformers had to live off people like me they'd have about as much chance for happiness as a flea would on a Mexican hairless dog. This one to-day was a school professor. I could see by the books and papers he had."

"Did you get acquainted?"

"Oh, sure! He tells me he's been wondering if us waitresses was well enough educated on account of us having to work all the time. He thinks he'll quiz me a little, so he says: 'How's your history?'

"It sounds flip to me. 'I'll have you know,' I says, 'that I'm a woman with a fireside past. Nothing in my history would spill any red ink on the newspaper headlines.'

"'Oh, my land!' he says. 'You don't understand me. I mean are you up in history?'

"Well, you know me, kid! Immediately I decide to ride to the end of the line. 'Sure!' I says.

"'Do you know who crossed the Delaware?' he asks.

"I make up my mind to josh him a little. I let on I think it was Napoleon.

"'As I thought,' he says. 'You girls don't get time to go to school. Something ought to be done. You're wrong about the Delaware. Napoleon never saw it.'

"'Of course, he never,' I answer. 'He crossed it at night when it was pitch dark.' Then I hand him one. 'Was you ever at Delaware Water Yawn?'

"'Ha! ha!' laughs the professor. 'You mean Delaware Water Gap.'

"'Same thing,' I says. 'What's the difference between a yawn and a gap?'

"Listen, kid; a big, burly motorman nearby gives out a yawn that I could a-kissed him for. You know how it is when you tell a story, if some guy laughs loud enough you'll lend him money. I slipped the motorman a piece of complimentary pie later. But to get back to the professor!

"'Didn't you ever hear of George Washington?' he asks.

"'Sure,' I says. 'I knew him well.'

"Again he laughs. 'My dear young woman,' he says, 'you're wrong—very wrong.'

"'Whaddye mean?' I ask.

"'You said you knew George Washington.'

"'Right-o!' comes from me. 'George Washington was our negro porter here for three years.'

"Again the motorman laughs. The professor is a bit fussed. He decides to kid me a little.

"'Was George a bright boy?' he asks.

"'Not so very,' I answer. 'He was a school teacher before he took up portering.'

"Wow, kid—right in the eye! The professor freezes up until you can skate on his indignation. 'I'm a school teacher,' he says.

"I emulate surprise. 'Oh, are you?' I ask. Then I say, 'Gee, but I wish George was here. You and him could have a fine time swapping ideas about how to teach young Ida to shoot. But George is in jail and I understand he's very happy, being away from the cold for the winter.'

The professor takes his check and leaves. The cashier, Lizzie, owes me $2, so she acts like a true friend."

"'That red-headed waitress is too fresh,' says the professor to Lizzie.

"'Yes,' she replies, 'we're all that way when men get too talkative around here.' Out goes the professor and the one-act playlet called 'Reforming a Waitress' is over.

"Do you really know who crossed the Delaware?" asked the newspaper man.

"Sure! It was Gen. Ulysses Sherman on his way to the sea. An uncle of mine pulled the boat for him," said Lucile.

The Jarr Family

—By Roy L. McCardell—

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"NOW, my darlings," said Mrs. Jarr blithely, "since you've been so good all week mamma is going to take you down this afternoon to the store to see Santa Claus, and you can tell him what you want for Christmas, and if you are still very good children Santa Claus will bring you what you want. Willie, you want school shoes and a new suit of clothes and a nice necktie, and Emma, you want shoes, too, and a nice Sunday coat and dress and"——

Here she was interrupted by little Miss Jarr's antiphony in recital of what that young lady really desired in addition to the appealing apparel in question.

"Yes," Mrs. Jarr went on, "when you see Santa Claus at the store, don't ask him (now, mind!) for a lot of foolish toys that cost a lot of money and only break and are thrown away, for it will make Santa Claus very mad. Santa Claus is very poor this year."

Little Miss Jarr listened with an expression of keen disappointment at this recital of the Santa Clausian poverty.

Master Jarr was two years older than his little sister.

Even in his more trustful younger years, when he did believe in Santa Claus, he had noticed that one certain Santa Claus, stationed at a street corner near by to extort the contributions of the charitable, seemed to be in sufficient funds to leave his coin kettle ever and anon and enter Gus's. Here he performed a, at that time, terrifying feat in the eyes of Master Jarr, peeking in, by lifting up his gray whiskers to his forehead, where they stuck out at a terrifying angle, upside down, and had hoarsely cried to Elmer, Gus's bartender:

"Gimme a slug of the old stuff."

Master Jarr remembered how he had fled from the scene in horror. From that moment he knew in secret that he did not believe in Santa Claus.

So Master Jarr, to humor his mother and his little sister, accompanied them to a large store in the neighborhood, where Santa Claus for some days past had been receiving his little friends, and answering all proper questions and advising them to tell their parents to buy on the premises, where a complete stock of gifts was on display and prices were lower than elsewhere.

Little Miss Jarr chatted excitedly all the way to the store of what she was going to say to Santa Claus and how she was going to say it

But arriving at Santa Claus's uptown headquarters—it was so placarded on the outside—little Miss Jarr fell into a state of hysterical terror and refused to enter to make her wishes known to the good Saint, and would only enter, and in fear and trembling, after Master Jarr—"not one bit afraid," Mrs. Jarr afterward told her husband—walked boldly in and shook hands with Good Saint Nick.

This was no great strain on the nerves of Master Jarr, as he and the uptown St. Nicholas were old acquaintances. Through his dense mass of whiskers Master Jarr recognized Limpy John, the porter of the store, who many a time and oft had combated violently with Master Jarr and "the gang." He gave Master Jarr a look of bitter hatred at that young gentleman detecting him in such a humiliating position. It was only human in Master Jarr to sneer. Revenge is sweet!

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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CHRISTMAS, like love, is a sentimental aeroplane flight to the seventh heaven—with a parachute descent.

Of course, getting a divorce is more expensive than getting married. Taking anything out of pawn, even your heart, naturally costs more than putting it in.

A man in love can never keep track of his heart. It is always either in his throat, in his boots or on his sleeve.

There may not be anything in the language of flowers; but at this expensive season violets from any man surely signify "devotion" and orchids mean "business"!

When a man follows the primrose path his wife usually walks after him gathering the thorns.

Those little love-spats which are so diverting before marriage are no more like a real domestic row than the swell from a passing excursion boat is like a storm at sea.

No matter how many married men have tried to flirt with her a girl will step calmly up to the altar in the firm belief that she has found the one masculine being on earth, besides Adam, who will never look at another woman.

A failure is usually a man who insists on regarding life as one long Saturday afternoon.

A girl's beauty may be only skin deep, but her vanity goes clear to the bone.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 85—THE MAD WOMAN, by Guy de Maupassant.

THEY were talking over the horrors of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Presently M. d'Endolin, who had sat silent and grim, roused himself from his dark reverie and told this story:

In drowsy old Cormeil dwelt a woman who, at twenty-seven, had lost her husband, her father and her new-born child, all in one month. The triple shock had turned her brain. She was not violent nor dangerous. But she had the delusion that she must stay in bed for the rest of her life.

And in bed she stayed for the next fifteen years, waited on by her servants, docile and apathetic, yet still firmly believing she could not move from her bed.

Then came the Franco-Prussian War. And in December of 1870 a detachment of Germans captured Cormeil. The weather was horribly cold and the soldiers were glad of a place to rest and get warm. They were assigned to various of the more comfortable houses throughout the town.

The German Commandant and eleven of his men quartered themselves in the madwoman's house. They heard of the woman in bed upstairs, and they wondered what was the matter with her.

A Soldier's Joke.

The Commandant was a loud-mouthed, pig-headed beast who was forever trying to bend other people's wishes to his own. He made inquiries from the servants and learned about the woman's belief that she could not get out of bed. The story amused him. He did not believe it.

So he stamped upstairs to her room and announced:

"Madam, we have had enough of this nonsense. You can get up and dress and go about your duties as well as anybody else. I'm going to have your clothes brought to you, and I want you to be out of that bed and downstairs by to-morrow morning. Do you hear me?"

The poor woman looked stupidly at him. She could not understand a word he said.

"Answer me, you!" he roared.

When she did not answer he growled:

"You'll be dressed and downstairs to-morrow morning or I'll find a way to make you obey."

Next morning the gallant Commandant asked the madwoman's nurse if Madame was out of bed yet.

"Alas, sir!" wept the nurse. "I have told you, she can't move hand or foot. She is helpless. I beg you will not"——

"The Commandant waited to hear no more. He shouted an order to four of his men. The soldiers tramped to the sick room, picked up the mattress of the bed with the woman on it and started downstairs. A fifth soldier followed carrying her clothes. The invalid made no protest. As long as she was allowed to lie in bed it was all she asked. At the front door the Commandant said:

"Since you won't walk of your own accord I think I've hit on a plan that will make you glad enough to get up and take a nice long walk."

The grinning Prussian soldiers carried the mattress out of the house into the bitter cold of the streets and thence out of the town to the nearby forest of Imauville. There they set down the mattress, placed the clothes beside it and went back to Cormeil, the Commandant chuckling:

The Next Year.

As soon as the cold begins to sting her she'll walk fast enough."

But she did not. Contentedly she lay there on her mattress in the forest while the snow drifted over her. She was in bed. That was all she cared about.

A year later d'Endolin on a stroll through the woods found what was left of her. But the wolves had found her first.

"I brought back her bones for decent burial," he ended his gruesome story. "I—I pray God that our sons may never be forced to look upon war!"

The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XXIX.

BUT things were *not* all right, in spite of Haskall's declaration that they would be. At least, they were not all right for me. My husband was, if anything, more irritable than ever, more unreasonable. He spent more time than usual away from home, which meant that he was seldom there—unless we had guests—except to sleep. Once when I mentioned it he said he had been at the office, and that he wished I wouldn't bother him with questions.

I was so worn out with nursing him, the lack of sleep, &c., that my own plans were necessarily held in abeyance for a time. But I constantly had them in mind, turning over ways and means by which I might accomplish my independence.

I often wondered if Haskall's worried looks, his unusually erratic actions, were caused by business anxieties, or had to do with his relations with Madelaine Arnott. The latter seemed to me the more plausible, as there was no retrenchment in our household expenses, no alteration in Haskall's manner of living.

We, rather he, accepted invitations and returned them as usual. While Haskall's manner to our guests or our hosts often seemed forced, I soon made up my mind that it had nothing to do with business, and all to do with Miss Arnott. This feeling was perhaps increased as it had been some time since any one had mentioned her in my presence.

In the pause of waiting to make a further move, a pause made necessary by my condition, I gathered my powers and tried to compel them to my idea.

During Haskall's illness I had tried in every way to bring a little tenderness into his treatment of me. A little consideration—just enough to restore my faith.

But in vain! Not a single appreciative word did he speak, not once did he show the slightest consideration for me, even though for days and nights I had scarcely left his side. While he was very ill I neither thought of it nor expected it, but during his slow convalescence when he would allow no one else to wait upon him, I looked in vain for any thought of my comfort—or health.

"Can't James sit with you to-night, Haskell?" I asked one afternoon when I could scarcely keep my eyes open.

"No! I'll have no clumsy man fussing over me."

"Let me get a nurse then to relieve me," I begged, "I am so worn out. I can't keep up much longer I'm afraid."

"I see myself paying a nurse when I have a strong, healthy wife who has never earned her salt!" he stormed.

I *was* strong and healthy—fortunately, but the long weeks caring for Haskall would have broken down any woman, especially one unaccustomed to hard work. I said no more, however, and continued to do my best until one day when I fell on the floor in a faint.

"You are not to study nor read. Keep out doors as much as you can. Drive every day and sleep—sleep!" the doctor said after he had been told of my collapse. It had happened the first day Haskell went out, after his illness. I had helped him to get dressed, and then when he closed the door had fainted.

And sleep I did. For days and days I did little else. Then as my strength came back I drove in the park, remaining out until the chill in the air would send me back home. I paid little attention to the fact that Haskall was at home more seldom even than usual, or that he seemed more quiet when there. I was doing my best to get well quickly so that I might perfect my business plans by the first of the year.

(To Be Continued).

Mythology a la Mode

By Alma Woodward

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Diana and Actaeon.

MISS DE PINK'S Academy for Young Ladies, on the Hudson, was very select. It guaranteed to turn out a cabaret-broke, blush-proof, A1 fox trotter, with a negligible amount of finish in the gentle arts of "How to Remove Nicotine from the Fingertips" and "How to Borrow and Reverse the Charges," all for three thousand a year per capita.

Before the war Miss de Pink had had her selectest branch at Lausanne, Switzerland. While there she had made it a compulsory part of the curriculum to roll in the snow.

But here on the banks of the Hudson, alas, the snow was few and seldom. To counterbalance the Arctic treatment the young ladies were compelled to plunge into the outdoor pool once a day, no matter what the temperature.

In the graduating class Diana Fitch was undisputed belle. Her real name was Marion. But she was the only girl who looked fit in riding togs; so they christened her "Diana."

Her father was rich enough to have forgotten how he made his money. Her mother had attained that dizzy height of haute monde where she couldn't identify her husband's face when she saw it on the street. So you can see that Diana's home life was irreproachable.

One afternoon Diana, in her little black silk diving pajamas, was poised on the edge of the pool ready to plunge, when a face appeared above the evergreen hedge. It had on tortoiseshell-rimmed windshields and a "these-premises-to-let" expression.

Did Diana evoke her patron goddess and turn the prying youth into a poor petrified stag? Did she run and hide behind a withered blade of grass? Not on your fifth reel! She crossed her fingers and shouted: "Fens! I saw him first! He belongs to me. Come on over."

He told them that his father was professor of dead, half-dead and comatose languages in a famous university. They told him he should give a never-mind and try to live it down. Then Diana and her nymphs bathed his temples with essence of white orchids, fed him crystallised bells of valley lilies and read to him from "Jingles of a Javanese Jezebel" in asbestos binding.

"Diana!" he murmured reminiscently. "Diana, twin of Apollo, daughter of Lato; Diana—the moon-goddess!"

"You've got me wrong, old dear," cooed she, between puffs of a perfumed cigarette. "Diana, sister of Sidney, daughter of Martha. You looked aces the other side of the hedge, O offspring-of-a-sealed-tongue! But, close to, you're a sad sight. Girls, my option has expired. Go to it."

And Diana undulated orientally toward the house, humming:

"Put Him to Sleep With a Silver Fizz, but Wake Him Up With a Beer!"